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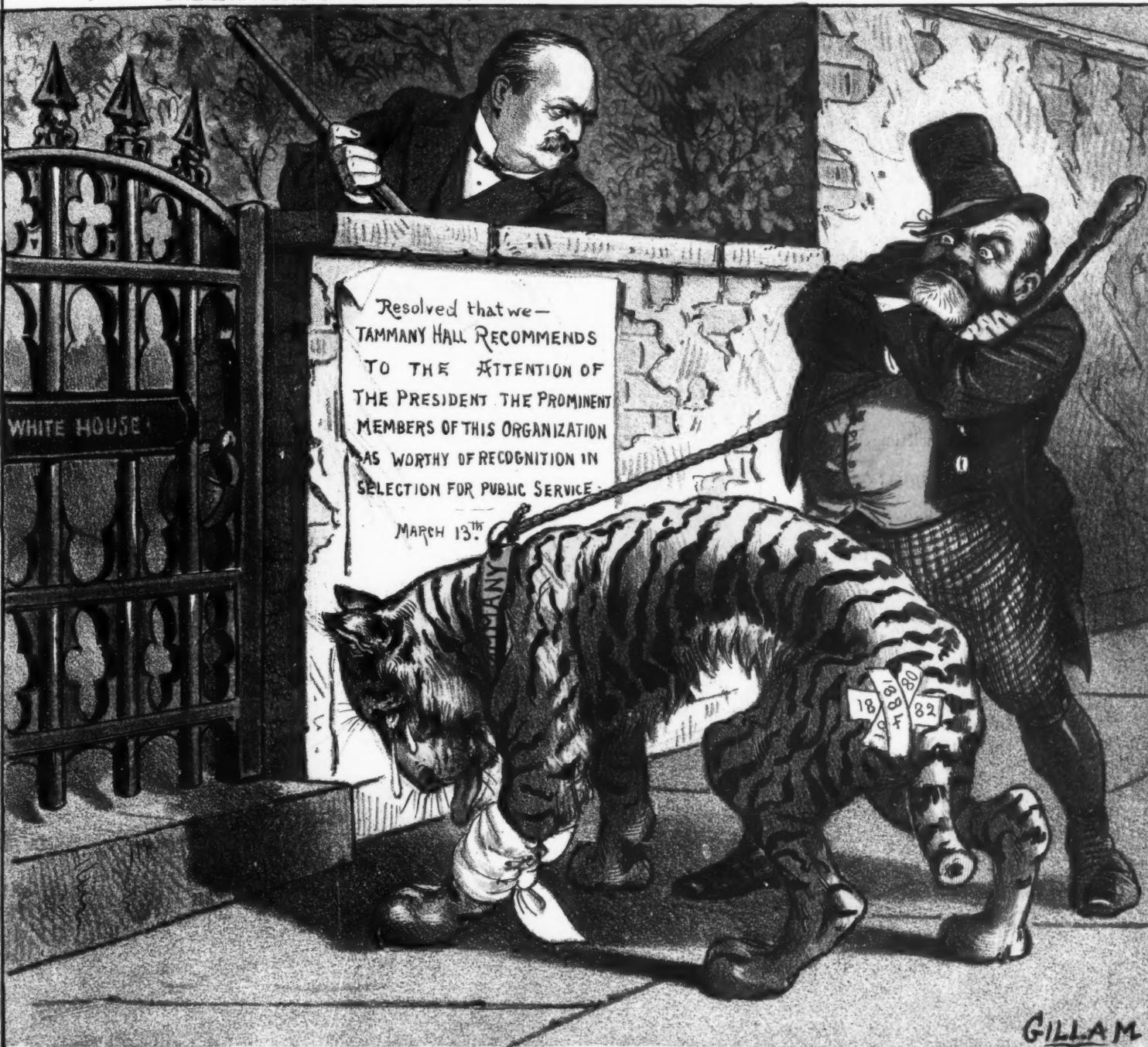


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THE ISSUE.

JOHN KELLY.—"What say you—PEACE or WAR?"
CLEVELAND.—"War, Johnny, war!"

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

The Recording Angel was leaning up against the battlements of heaven, talking with a small minor angel.

"How do you happen to be off duty just now?" inquired the minor angel: "Pretty busy time, isn't it?"

"I'm taking a rest," said the Recording Angel: "I've got a substitute on. Fact is, I've been overworked of late."

"What's been the matter?" further inquired the minor angel.

"England, as usual," replied the Recording Angel: "England keeps me busy right along. Why, I've just finished a job that pretty near wore my stylograph out."

"And what may that be?" still further inquired the small angel.

"I've been getting out a statement of England's account with the Angel of Peace, and drawing up a list of questions to be answered in the supplementary proceedings that have got to be had some day. I tell you, it looks bad for haughty Albion."

"Bless me," said the small angel: "does it, indeed?"

"It does," said the Recording Angel.

*

"You see," he said, as he settled himself in an easy position: "you don't know anything about it. You're only a young, new angel—came here a hundred years ago or so. All you see is a great, powerful, prosperous nation, wrapped up in her own affairs, keeping to a conservative commercial policy, and looking out for her interests generally. But I've been here ever since the beginning, and I know what the situation is."

*

"It's this unholy, unwholesome, impolitic greed of conquest for conquest's sake that is making the mischief. Of course, it is obvious that a people like the English couldn't stay cooped up in a little bit of an island. They had to spread. They had to have colonies. They needed space for their surplus population, and a field for their tremendous energy. So they conquered other lands, and called them colonies. But, unfortunately, they weren't colonies. They have never had but two real colonies."

"And what are those?" asked the minor angel.

*

"What is now the United States, for one, and Australia, for another. And, indeed, I'm doubtful whether Australia is a colony, in the strictest sense of the word. I mean that it

doesn't serve the best and highest purposes of a colony."

"Which are—" began the small angel.

"To provide for the overflow of a population—to enlarge the nation itself, not merely its boundaries on the map. The American colonies—Canada excepted—did this. They were a part of England. They gave a living to Englishmen. They were a part of England. If it had not been for the foolish policy of England's rulers, they would to-day have been as thoroughly English as London or Liverpool. The Atlantic would have been no more of a division between Eastern and Western England than the Thames is between the two parts of London.

* * *

"Can you say this of India or of Jamaica, or of the regions under the British protectorate in South Africa? Not a bit of it. Those countries are not *homes* for Englishmen, and never will be unless England changes her policy. What is she doing to make her conquered children by adoption amalgamate with her own children? What is she doing to knit their affections to her? Nothing, my young friend, nothing. There they are, fairly well treated, no doubt; but always a conquered people, a separate race, jealously watched by that police force called the English Army. They are not Englishmen and they never will become Englishmen under such a system of government. The negro in America has become an American; but the Hindoo, who is naturally a more intelligent creature, and potentially a more useful citizen, is a Hindoo to-day, under a long-established British rule.

* * *

"And do the British colonies draw off the surplus population of England? Let the London slums answer you. Look in the factories of Leeds and Manchester. Of course, there are Englishmen in the colonies who make their homes there, and raise their families, and belong to the permanent population. But these are mainly people of a class that could support itself just as well in England—a class that has no need of colonies. The brick-layers, the ma-

sons, the hewers of wood and drawers of water and diggers of the earth—where are they? Toiling out their underpaid lives in England, or else giving the benefit of their strength and skill to hospitable America, who will make Americans of them in a few years.

* * *

"Where is it all going to end? England is powerful enough; but is she as wise as she is powerful? I told you that I had been making up her account with the Angel of Peace. It's something awful to contemplate, the money and blood that it has cost her merely to keep what she has got, during the present century. There are enough dead Englishmen in soldiers' graves to outnumber many a small nation."

"But England can't afford to give up her colonies," suggested the small angel.

"She can't afford to keep them much longer at this price. Let her look at the fate of Rome and the fate of Spain—nations that conquered others and colonized upon this same blind and selfish system. I tell you, my son, there has got to be a change sooner or later. England needs wisdom and brotherly love more than she needs her standing army. Well, I'm off. Good-day."

* * *

"Oh, hold on a moment," said the small angel: "How do you think Mr. Cleveland is getting along?"

"Extremely well," said the Recording Angel.

"But I understand that he is going in for war, too—war with John Kelly."

"Well," said the Recording Angel: "that's a war that I approve of."

It is predicted that we are to be scourged with cholera next summer; and that everybody will have to fly to the mountains and the sea to escape the dreaded plague.

Members of the cholera family, it is believed, will come over in every steamer, some in the first-cabin, others in the steerage, to take possession of the country.

We have had so many foreign plagues already, that we do not fear cholera. At the worst, it cannot write a more unfavorable book of impressions than that of every other distinguished visitor to our shores.

But if you really fear cholera, and want to remain in the city with safety, don't fail to plank down twenty-five cents for a copy of PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1885. For sale by all news-dealers.

CHEAPER THAN THE ACADEMY OF DESIGN.



A "SPRING EXHIBITION" THAT CAN BE SEEN EVERY YEAR FOR NOTHING.

WAITING.



" 'Tis almost eight, he cometh not,
Alas! I wonder why?
Why will he let me linger here
Alone and vainly sigh?
Why does he not up those front steps
Unto me swiftly fly?

" I look upon the Jacqueminots
That make this bright bouquet
He sent to me to wear to-night
When we go to the play;
I listen, but I cannot hear
The sound of his coûpe.

" Alas! it's always my ill luck,
Or rather my ill fate,
To get into the theatre
At nine or half-past eight,
And here I've got to sit and sit,
And wait, and wait, and wait.

" But I shall even be with him;
When from the play we hie,
I'll get him in Delmonico's,
And stew and roast and fry
I'll eat, and see that he sets up
The good old extra dry.

" Ah, here the carriage comes, and I
Am ready now, I guess—
My new spring hat, my seal-skin sacque,
My cardinal-satin dress—
Great Scott! That's not the hack at all,
But Callahan's express!"

An hour passed, and he came not,
And when her peace had fled,
She walked the room and clenched her hands,
And tossed her haughty head,
And vowed the engagement she'd revoke,
And then she went to bed.

And George just walked his hall-bedroom,
And vowed in language rash
Vengeance on his employer old,
Who wouldn't advance the cash
For him to take to the theatre
His darling Newport mash.

THE CAMPHOR-TREE.

It seems strange that so many people persist in beautifying their places with trees that bear no fruit, and are of no use whatever, except to give shade.

Fruit-trees of the larger variety are quite as picturesque as dogwoods and maples, and are a much greater benefit, as they attract birds to sing to you in the spring and summer, while the fruit draws them around in the Fall, and gives you a chance to recline in a steamer-chair on the grass and shoot them into savory ragouts and pot-pies.

But why have fruit-trees? The tree of the future is the camphor-tree; and before long the wise man will not be without his camphor-orchard. At least he will have a camphor-tree scattered here and there among the fruit-trees.

This will be a great boon, as the camphor-

tree has great medicinal properties. In the first place, if any member of the family should have a headache, it would only be necessary to sit under the tree for awhile, and the fumes of the camphor would soon dispel it.

Or a man could sit in his window and feel the delicious camphor zephyr on his throbbing temples on a salubrious summer night, and be greatly refreshed.

The camphor-fumes would also keep the mosquitos off through the whole season. They would likewise kill all the insects on the trees, and starve the poor woodpecker to death. The farmer could, no doubt, use a few camphor-trees with advantage to annihilate potato-bugs and grasshoppers.

It would be a great safeguard against the cholera, and would be a splendid tree to hang dress-suits, seal-skin sacques, etc., on during the heated term to keep the moths out of them.

It would be glorious in the spring to see the tree in full blossom, and the camphor pouring out of it like maple-syrup out of the glucose mill. May parties would dance around the camphor-tree, and Sunday-school picnics would hold forth under its sacred branches, and the lover would write to his fair enslaver:

Oh, meet me to-night,
When the stars shine bright
Over the quiet sea.
Oh, meet me to-night,
My heart's bright light,
Under the camphor-tree.

And it would make the drug-seller almost crazy to see invalids swinging in a swing fastened to the limbs of this wonderful tree, and to know that a man could go out and cut down more camphor with an axe in ten minutes than he could earn money to pay for in a month.

Then the tree would kill all the malaria that happens to linger around the place, for Camoens calls camphor the "balsam of disease."

This proves it to be a cure-all, and a panacea for every long-felt want, and just the thing to knit up the raveled leg of your trousers that happened to be nearest the bull-dog at the time.

When the camphor-tree gets a foothold every place will be as healthful as a winter health resort advertisement.

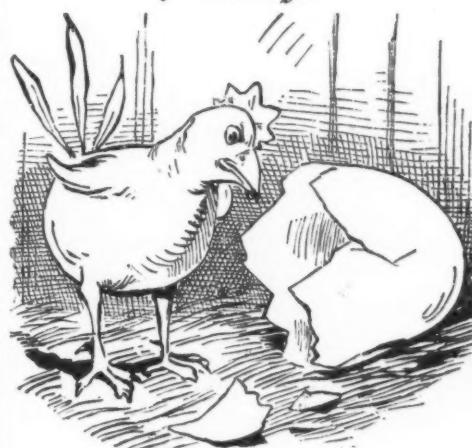
R. K. M.

WHY SPRING LINGERS.—"Why doesn't Spring come here?" asks an impatient exchange. This seems to us to be an excessively foolish question. At last reports Spring was having a delightful time on the coast of Florida, among the orange-blossoms and wild roses. It would be very absurd to expect any sensible season to leave the land of flowers, and voluntarily visit this bleak and inhospitable coast at this unpleasant time of the year. Besides this, Spring has doubtless learned by this time that we are not a grateful people. When it does come, it is generally abused for its pains. No one says a good word for it except the poets, and, alas, their well-intended efforts have tended to bring it into a wide-spread and settled disrepute. The very name of Spring poetry is a term of obloquy and reproach. Between these injudicious friends and the open enemies any season is bound to acquire in the course of a few centuries, Spring has little cause to love the North. If Spring knows when it is well off, it will remain where it is, at least for the present.

THE BANJO artist says "the public needs to be educated to the superb range of tone" of that instrument. The most superb tone a banjo ever gives out is when that instrument is smashed over the player's head. The moral effect of the tone is efficacious, too.

UNEASY LIES the woman's head that wears no swell Spring-bonnet.

Putkerings.



HIS ROOSTERSHIP.

Here am I now, a gold three feathered chick,
Standing serene and happy on the floor,
Viewing the world, and thinking what a strange
And queer old world this world is, anyhow.

Four weeks ago I was an innocent egg
Out in New Jersey on a dreary farm;
And as I lay there snugly in the nest,
I marveled of my fate, and often thought
About the part I was to play in life.
Was I to be into a custard put,
Or scrambled for a savory morning meal?
Was I to be into some sherry dropped,
To brace the pugilist's wind? Or was I to
Be at some third-rate Thespian rudely hurled?

Soon was I by the farmer gathered up
With many more, and in a basket put,
And at the grocer's swapped for other things—
Things that cannot be raised upon a farm.

The grocer brought me here to Silas Mugg
With eleven others—we were twelve in all,
And twelve for a quarter, down at Granby Lodge.
Lititia Mugg, a maid as lovely as
The third of May, when all is bright and fair,
Because the moving's over, and mashed thumbs
Are on the heal—divine Lititia Mugg
Misplaced me on the parlor register;
And in due time I hopped across the floor,
And paid my best respects unto the Muggs.

That's my brief history, and I know not now
What will become of me. Ere summer shines
I may be broiled, and on a slice of toast
Spread out to make a dinner some fine night.

Now I'll retire unto the little box
That's filled with cotton for me to the brim,
And I'll sit down and sleep and take my ease
Till I develop into roosterhood.
Then will I strut around the old barn-yard
Erect as any warrior, and make
The welkin ring with cock-a-doodle-doo.

AGRICULTURAL REPORTS—The Corn Popping.

GENERAL CENTENNIAL GOSHORN has been offered a large salary to become the manager of the new Museum of Art in Cincinnati. An art museum ought to pay handsomely in Cincinnati.

WITH THE immense throngs of men in Washington during inauguration week, not a single case of pocket-picking was reported. Just as we suspected. The saloons and hotel-keepers got all the money.

GRACE GREENWOOD claims that literary women live happier lives than fashionable women. This is probably because she sees her three names in print. Most women have to be satisfied with their initials only.

THE BOSTON Star says: "President Cleveland can hone his own razor, if he wants to." This is very kind of the Star. Mr. Cleveland should feel very grateful. We trust the Star will permit him to shave himself, too.

THE ARAB AND THE SPRING.

You recollect, my little Friends, that ancient Fable of the Arab who found the Spring in the Desert, and he was so thirsty that he thought the Water was something wonderful. And you also recall how he brought some of the Water to the King to drink, and how the King drank it and lauded it to the Skies, but would not allow any of his Attendants to drink of it, for fear they would insult the poor Arab who had taken such pains to bring it; for, as a matter of fact, the Water was only ordinary Water, and it had become very warm and Insipid by being carried so far through the Desert.

Well, there was another Arab got on to a Racket worth two of that. He, too, found a Spring in the Desert; and, though he was drier than Mr. Joseph Cook's "Monday Lectures," he was unable to imbibe without Gagging. It was even stated as a Statistical Fact that no bone-boilers or oil factories had ever been seen within three stadia of the Spring. Well, the Arab held his nose and got a Bottleful of the Water, and started for the King's palace.

When he struck town, he hired some Boys to take a sack of Counterfeit sequins and scatter them by the handful among the people along the Street. This soon drew a crowd, and the Arab then told them that he had "found a Panacea for every ill that the flesh is heir to." That is the way all medicine "ads" are worded, so I infer, of course, that that was What he said. Then he sent in a little cupful of the Water to the King with this note, written in regular Arabian Night style:

CAIRO, N. Y., February 22nd, 1884.
To Caliph Ben Al Raschid Sid Mohammed,
Brother of the Sun and Father-in-Law of the Moon.
Dear Sir:

I take my pen in hand to let you know that I am Well, and I hope these few lines may find you enjoying the same Earthly blessing. Be it known to Your Serene Highness that on this anniversary of the Birthday of the man who could not lie I have discovered a Spring whose waters flow only for the healing of the Nations. Price, fifty cents per bottle; three Bottles for one dollar. Send twenty-five cents (stamps or coin) for Circulars. Testimonials and a trial-bottle *Free*.

The King did not read any more, but took one swallow of the Water; and when he got through drinking, he immediately sent two of his most trusty servants to bring the Arab into his private chamber, where he formed a Joint Stock Company, and at once drained the Treasury and doubled the Public Debt to get out Circulars and Testimonials, and in just six calendar Months from that time he was the richest and most powerful monarch in all the Orient. He added eleven thousand wives to his Harem, bought three thousand slaves and three hundred white Elephants, and was just commencing negotiations with the Rothschilden to see what they would take for the earth, cash down.

MORAL.—The old Chestnut is good enough in Its way. "One Swallow does Not make

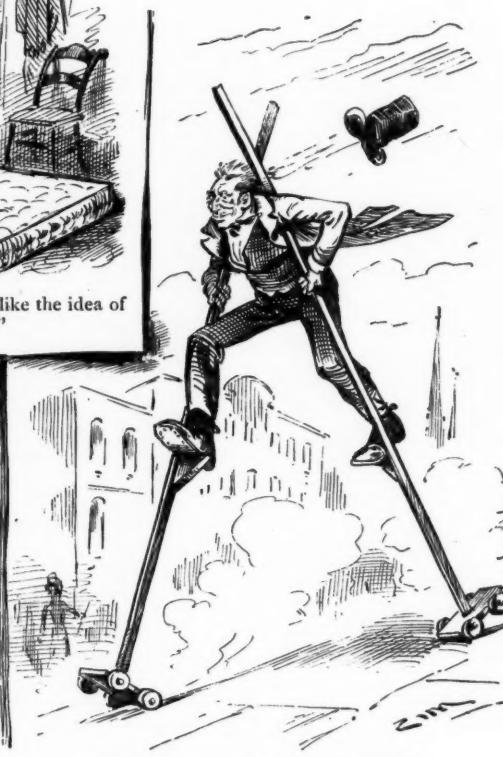
THE ROLLER RAGE.



"I'm bound to learn it; but I don't like the idea of sitting down on these hard rink floors."



"Mister, you orter let me in fur ha'f price, 'cause I ony got one skate."



Breaking the one-thousand-mile record.

FREE LUNCH FROM BOSTON.

A CHANCE WORD—
Perhaps.

"WOULD I COULD hold the hand I love," sighs a poet. Somebody must have opened a jack-pot.

THERE IS, in all probability, no plane of life in which a man is allowed so much opportunity and encouragement to spread himself as in a roller-rink.

THE TRAMP has a very deep-rooted conviction that this country will never attain the acme of prosperity until railroads build sidewalks along their tracks for foot-passengers.

"BRAINS ARE wasted when they are given to a pretty woman," remarks a Philadelphia editor, who seems to realize how much more he needs them than does a pretty woman.

ACCORDING to a Chicago paper, "An Illinois doctor has discovered a sure cure for rheumatism in geranium-leaves." This will be welcome news to geranium-leaves afflicted with that distressing trouble.

sure cure for rheumatism in geranium-leaves."

This will be welcome news to geranium-leaves afflicted with that distressing trouble.

THE CHIEF ENGINEER of the Croton Aqueduct reports that 20,000,000 gallons of water are wasted in New York every day. Thus do we arrive at the fact that men, as a rule, neglect the water which the bar-tender pours out for them.

A PHILADELPHIA PAPER declares that that city consumes 200,000 quarts of milk each day, to produce which it requires from 35,000 to 40,000 cows. Either that paper willfully misrepresents facts, or it is entirely ignorant as to how milk is made.

EX-PRESIDENT ARTHUR has endeared himself to the American people by many of his excellent traits of character; but the one which will go down to posterity as symbolical of the man is the fact that he never claimed to have caught a sea-bass with a trout-rod.

"HOW TO AVOID GETTING FAT" is the title of an article in an exchange. What a foolish subject to write about! Every one knows that the easiest way is to quit eating.

"WATCH YOUR tongue," says a philosopher. We have no doubt a great many advantages accrue from a man's watching his tongue; but it certainly must be very inconvenient for one to go about all day with a mirror in his hand, especially if he is engaged in active business.

WE UNDERSTAND that the merchant tailors of the country are forming local exchanges, to be controlled by one general body. What this country really needs is a union of merchant tailors' customers, who shall insist upon garments being finished on the day they are promised.

CHICAGO ON ROLLER-SKATES.

By H. C. DODGE.

On her was her number the people in her room. The girl had roller-skates, home. When she struck the girl dashed on; she could not stop; her feet momentum gained. "Down brakes!" they cried: "O maiden, flop!" She greater speed attained. How gracefully she skated there!—just like a big giraffe—and puffed and shrieked in mad despair, and made the people laugh. Then came a burst of thunder sound, as on the floor she sat upon her bustle big and round, and made it—oh!—so flat. She complete, and couldn't stir; never tried to sat in misery blush ed. She but hide her feet, because those feet hid her.

WHY.



The blue-bird twitters on the limb,
The small boy hurleth stones at him,
Trying to douse his little glim
In rain.

For still that blue-bird's dulcet tones
Continue 'midst the shower of stones,
And soon the small boy cries and moans
With pain.

His youthful heart with grief is stirred,
His little eyes with tears are blurred;
But 'tis not that he 's missed the bird
Again.

Nor is it of his own accord
That head and feet both seek the sward,
And all the hot blood rushes toward
His brain.

But 'tis that on his upturned back,
Where once his little "pants" were slack,
He feels his father's heavy black-
Thorn cane.

L. ARCV.

A CHAIN OF TROUBLES.

"John Simpkins, your miserable meanness will have us in the poor-house some of these days!"

This was the exclamation of Mrs. John Simpkins when her husband returned from his work.

"What's the matter now, dear?" was his mild response.

"Why, the door-mat has been stolen again. That's the third one we've lost in two months. Why don't you buy a chain, and fasten the mat to the door-sill? It couldn't be lost then."

"Well, dear, I'll attend to it in the morning."

The next day Simpkins bought the chain and padlock, and fastened up the mat as if it were a mad bull-dog.

"That's something like sense," said Mrs. Simpkins.

All went merry as a marriage-bell until Simpkins prepared to go to his club that evening. He had an appointment to meet a friend at the club to discuss a business matter of great importance, and as he finished dressing he discovered that he was late. He started out of his room with a rush.

"Wait a minute, John," called his wife over the stairs, as he went down two steps at a time.

"Can't stop now," he replied.

"But I want to tell you something."

"Can't wait now," he said, looking back to wave his hand at her as he sailed out of the door.

Bang! Bump! R-r-r-r! Zip, boom!

Simpkins tripped over the mat-chain, and went ricochetting down the steps first on the back of his head, and then on the front of his back. As he reached the bottom, he bounded off into space, and struck a man who was just coming by.

Crash!

The air was full of glass-splinters. The man passing by had been carrying a twenty-dollar mirror, and it had been knocked into about

four hundred mirrors. One of the pieces flew out in the street, and hit Butcher Jones's bulldog right in the left eye. Maddened with pain, the animal grabbed at the first thing that came in his way. This happened to be the hind-leg of a cab-horse standing in front of Miss Milliecent Hyacinth's door. The cab-horse sprang forward and dashed up the street, the dog holding on and kiyi-ing at every jump. At the corner of the street the horse swerved and sailed wildly into a fruit-stand.

The fruitman used a spirit-lamp to illuminate his wares. The lamp was upset, and the spirit set fire to the wood-work of the stand. In a moment the awning was in a blaze, and flames were shooting upward along the side of Butcher Jones's store.

"Fire, fire!" yelled a small boy on the corner.

"Murder! murder!" yelled Simpkins, who had recovered his breath.

"Stop thief!" shouted the man who had been carrying the looking-glass.

A policeman, who by some special dispensation of Providence happened to be at hand, rang the fire-alarm on the corner.

Clang! clang! went the fire-bells, as the engines came thundering up the street.

"Fire! fire!" yelled the small boy.

"Oh, Lord! Murder!" yelled Simpkins, as the man who had been carrying the looking-glass thumped him in the neck and then in the eye.

"Where's the fire?" yelled the fire-marshall.

"In the butcher's house!" shouted the policeman. The next minute a two-inch stream of water was pouring down Butcher Jones's back, as he sat in front of his parlor-fire, reading.

"Hold on! Thunder and turf! Great Scott!" shouted the butcher: "what's the matter?"

"Your house is on fire!" shouted the fireman at the window.

"No, it isn't!" screamed Jones.

"Then where is the fire?" asked the fireman.

"It's the fruit-stand!" shouted the small boy.

"Why, that's all burnt up," said the fireman.

"Then the fire's out," said the policeman.

And as the engines went home, the firemen saw four men carrying Simpkins into the house on a litter.

And two months afterward Simpkins footed up his entire losses on the purchase of the chain and lock, as per broken mirror, damage to self, doctor's bills, loss of business proposed by friend at club, and lawyer's fees for defense in suits brought by fruitman and Butcher Jones, at eight thousand dollars. He will allow one door-mat to go to perdition every week hereafter.

REALITIES OF SPRING.

The gentle zephyr bloweth softly on the lea.
The pensive little flowers yield to Nature's
magic touch, and burst forth from their se-
cluded homes to be among us again.

The shy tulip openeth its perfumed portals,
and yieldeth its fragrant breath into the balmy
air.

Once again doth the little busy bee alight
deftly on our Sammy's nose, and leaveth there-
on a red lump like unto an Easter egg.

Now doth a throng of black-birds gather to-
gether in the old pine-tree, and hold a dyna-
mite conference against the intrusion of spar-
rows and chickadees.

Now doth old dame Nature open her vaults
of golden sunshine to blind the eyes of the
dude, and thereby causeth him to walk straight-
way into the arms of his last year's tailor, whom
he oweth a goodly bill.

The time hath now arrived when our dear
little Johnny hieh away to his bed with a lan-
guid limp, and the good old family-doctor say-
eth verily he doth have the Asiatic measles.

The majestic form of the Shanghai rooster
now reposeth upon one leg on the topmost rail
of the barn-yard fence, the rounded curves of
his stately shape, outlined against the western
sky, forming a striking contrast with the bob-
tailed pullet, as she pursues her diligent search
of the premature angle-worm.

"Tis now the blushing country damsel donneth
her new calico polonaise, and jumpeth into the
bottomless farm-wagon, and rideth seventeen
miles with her own John Henry, who is going
to show her the long-haired elephant and the
great tribe of performing fat women which are
to be on exhibition afternoon and evening at
the greatest show on earth.

"Tis now the not-afraid-of-a-brick bull-dog
gapeth his cavern-like gape, and stretcheth out
his hind-leg beyond his tail, and doth glance
furtively out into the apple orchard, where be-
fore autumn's shades have fallen he will rend
asunder the Sunday clothing of the small boy.

Verily this is a land of pure delight, and,
by-the-way, Spring is here.

H. BANCROFT.

A SOUTHWESTERN EDUCATIONAL journal ad-
vises the teachers to "make the school-room,
the school and its work attractive." Yes; but
it is not always possible to have a prize-fight
and a circus in the school-room every day.

INEBRIETY AND OPTICS.



"Christ'pher C'lumb's! 's firs' time—hic—I knew I's—hic—a Mormon!"

GARGOYLES AND GUM-DROPS.

"SAY, BROWN," said Smith, meeting a casual acquaintance: "does your wife ever give you an hour's lecture at night when you are tired out and want to go to sleep?"

"No," replied Brown: "she stopped all that sort of thing six years ago."

"How on earth did you get her to do it?"

"I didn't get her to do it at all. She ran away with a commercial drummer. He catches it now."

"A GREAT INSULT to Ireland" is the headline in an exchange. We haven't read it, but we presume O'Donovan Rossa has been alluding to himself as an Irishman.

A BAD PROOF-READER should be sent to the House of Correction.

"COME TO me, love, with the flush of the Summer," says a poet. We should think a royal flush would be more useful; but perhaps the poet didn't understand the game.

A TENDER ATTACHMENT—A Dude's Budding Moustache.

SONG OF THE SHIRT—"It's Never Too Late To Mend."

TEXAS'S BEST SOCIETY.



"And old Judge Smith?" inquired the visitor of the Texas man.

"He occupies a prominent place among our best people," replied the Texan.

"Isn't he in the grave-yard yet?"

"Yes, that's where most of our best people are."

THE DOG IN THE MANGER.

One evening a "Sere and yellow Dog" got down in a Manger on the Hay and Stretched Himself Out as Comfortably as he could for the Night.

Soon a Cow from the Barn-Yard came In to Partake of her Frugal Repast, and as she put her Head down to get some Hay the Dog took a sample of her Ear off with his Teeth. Her loud Remonstrances at this act of Injustice Awakened a Friend of Hers who was lying Outside, and in about two Seconds he was on the Scene and had strung Dog, Manger, Hay and All upon his Horns, and had made things look as if a Wagon-load of Tigers had been Fighting in that Locality.

MORAL.—I started out intending to make this fable fit that old Pompeian Proverb, "*Cave Canem*," but I see it works the wrong way, so I will let every man fix up a moral to suit himself.

F. S. RYMAN.

A BOSTON PAPER tells Joseph Cook to boil down his lectures. Mr. Cook ought to be able to put them in a single word, we should think.

BROTHER SHINBONES'S THEATRE-PARTY.

Brother Peter Maguff was engaged in his favorite pastime of trying to extract a tune out of his one-stringed banjo, when Brother Shinbones entered his cabin. The patriarch of West Hoboken sat down on a three-legged stool and began to draw volumes of smoke from a corn-cob pipe. Presently he began to speak as follows:

"Brudder Petah Maguff, dis hyar wuld am a putty pooah place fur de cullud race. Onless somefin' am done fur ter altah t'ings, we'se got ter pack up ouah duds an' skin right out'n dis."

"Whar we gwine ter, Brudder Shinbone?"

"Dunno, chile, dunno; but we'se got ter git. Now, Brudder Pahsimony Higgins an' his wife, an' me an' my ole woman, an' Brudder Obadiah Elderberry an' his gal, Salina Saltpetah, we all made up ouah min's dat we war a-goin' to de freatre. So we Jess dress ouahse'ves all up inter ouah bes' clothes, an' we got onter de ferry-boat an' go ober ter Noo Yawk. Betcher life, chile, de people ober dar got onter us putty quick. Dar war de blamedest crowd a-followin' us from de ferry up ter de Elevated road. De boys all got 'cited, an' cheeahed us like we war a delegation from Tammany Hall. Wal, we got ter de freatre, an' I moseyed right up ter de ticket-orifice, an' sez I ter de man, sez I:

"We wants de boss pribate-box in de place."

"Yo' can't hab it," sez he ter me, sez he.

"What fur?"

"We don't 'low cullud folks on'y in de top gallery."

"Luk hyar, chile," sez I ter he, sez I: "we am citizens ob dese hyar United States, an' likewise ob de City ob Hoboken, an' ef we don't git dat box we persecutes yo'."

"Wal, he went an' talked wid de boss, an' den he come back an' 'lowed dat he guessed he'd sell us de tickits fur de box. We went in an' sat down. Gorrampathy, niggah, yo' jess ort ter seed de folks stare! Yo'd 'a' t'ought dat we war dudes or Senatohs, or somefin' like dat. Wal, come ter t'ink, I guess we war dudes. Wal, de show beganned, an' we beganned fur ter take it in. Dar war a feller wid a big fedder in his hat an' a long sword, an' he come out an' 'lowed dat he war gwine fur ter make trouble in de family ob a feller wot had on a paiah ob blue silk breeches wot fit awful cluss. Dis hyar bad man sez he ter de people in de freatre, sez he:

"Hah, hah! I'se gwine fur ter steal de will, an' den de gal hab got ter be mine!"

"De nasty ole beast!" sez Mrs. Smiff.

"S-s-sh!" sez a tall feller down in de common seats right in front ob us. We didn't pay no 'tention ter him, 'kase he war one ob de common folks, jess like Bill Mulligan, de gate-keepah at de ferry. We went

on wid ouah conbersation jess ez ef we'd be'n w'ite folks in de box. I knowed dat war de right way ter do in de freatre, 'kase I'd be'n up'n de top gallery w'en de w'ite folks in de boxes talked so loud de people wot war actin' couldn't recomember deir own names. Putty soon de bad man on de stage got de gal inter a lonely soht ob a place, an' sez he ter she, sez he:

"Now yo' mus' an' shall be mine!"

"Nebbah!" sez she.

"Bully fur de gal!" sez I.

"Shet up!" sez de feller in de seat down b'low.

"Go on, go on," sez I ter he, sez I: "yo' make me too weary."

"Den de feller went to de back o' de freatre an' tole one o' dem dar dudes wot shows people ter de seats. De dude come down an' walks right inter de box war we war sittin', an' sez he ter me, sez he:

"Yo' folks mus' stop dis hyar noise er else I put yo' out."

"Puttin' out?" sez I ter he: "am dat wot yo' a-talkin' about?"

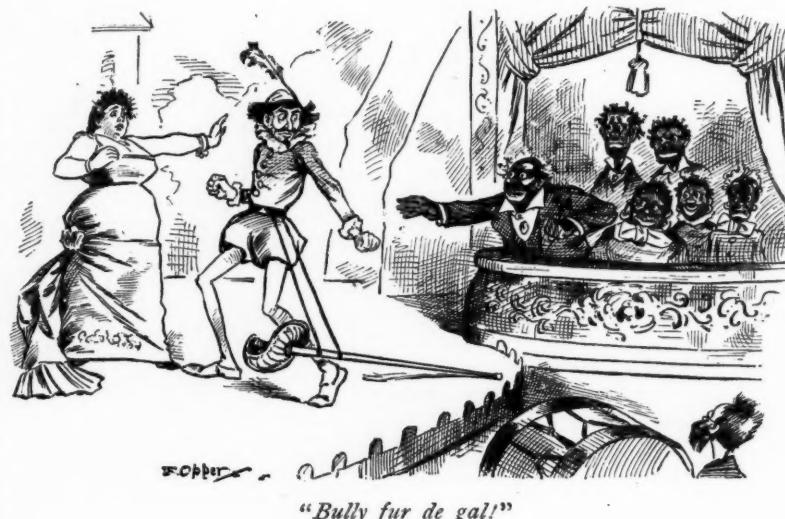
"Yes, sah," sez he: "dat am de racket."

"I didn't say anudder wuhd; but I Jess grabbed dat feller by de scruff o' de neck an' I chucked him right ober de railin'. Ha! ha! ha! I tole yo', chile, yo' ort ter seed dat! Ha! ha! ha!"

"Wot happened den?" asked Peter, breathless with interest.

"He fell," continued Shinbones: "right squar' inter de top o' de big bass-drum, an' went right on t'rough it like a bullet. Wal, sah, de biggest row bruk loose den dat yo' ebber see. People yelled 'Put 'em out!' an' I yelled dat I'd like ter see dat tried on. We'd paid fur dat box, an' we war a-gwine fur ter hang onter it. Putty soon a p'leeceman come runnin' in an' made a break fur me; but my ole woman she Jess grabbed him by de head an' chucked him Ober de rail right arter de dude. Den I turned aroun' an' addressed de meetin'. I tole 'em dat dey war jess like all de rest ob de w'ite folks in dis hyar wuld. Dey war allus a-preachin' about elewatin' de negro ter de lebbel of de w'ite folks; but w'enebbah de negro ondertuk ter do wot de w'ite folks did, dey wouldn't gib him no show, nohow. I tole 'em I reckined dat de reason war dat de niggahs did it bettah dan de w'ite folks, an' dat made 'em all blamed jealous. All dis time dey war a-yellin' 'Put 'em out!' So I made up my mind dat ef we didn't git out'n dat freatre, we'd be gittin' inter a muss an' hurtin' some o' de w'ite folks. So we all got up an' tole 'em dat dey was no good; an' den we Jess pranced out ez stylish ez ef we owned de whole durned place. An' yo' kin Jess bet yore life dat I'se frough wid all public 'casions wot de blamed w'ite folks has got anyting ter do wid."

W. J. HENDERSON.



"Bully fur de gal!"

HIS EVENING PIPE.



At eventide, when I lay down the hod,
And wander home unto my family,
I am as happy as a bobolink
At early morn above the clover seas.

And I am happy when I sit me down
Unto a good, substantial, savory meal.
I pass my plate up to each steaming dish
Full several times before I've had enough.
And when I'm done I lay my boots aside,
And don my slippers, stretch me at full length
Upon the sofa near the oriel,
And fill my pipe, and blow blue ripples up
Along the ceiling, and I watch them float
Like clouds along a peaceful summer sky.
There's nothing like a pipe to cheer one up,
And make him happy as a bumble-bee
Upon the war-like urchin's jugular.

But now I'm mad, my peace of mind is gone,
My pipe's stopped up, and e'en the paste-board box
That holds my stock of fragrant Killikinck
Has been upset; the weed upon the floor
Is rudely scattered, all mixed up with dust.
If I could catch the one who that upset,
And spoiled my evening's pleasure in this style,
That person soon would to himself remark:
"I think I've tackled John L. Sullivan."

TRUTH AS SHE IS NOT SPOKE.

A company is being organized for the encouragement of Naked Truth—provided the weather becomes sufficiently warm for its appearance in public without catching its death of cold.

It is a curious but instructive meteorological fact that even with the thermometer at 114° in the shade in August it is usually a cold day for Naked Truth.

Which is about the only time when N. T. has the advantage over Eli Perkins and the rest of us.

The programme of the reformers mentioned includes the issuance of an entirely new vocabulary for the guidance and use of members, and the moral enlightenment and elevation of the anti-truth masses. From advance-sheets of this work—comparatively unimportant because true—a few examples are selected quite at random:

GENTLEMANLY HOTEL-CLERK.—This is the vulgar snob who prides himself on being able to "size up" every human being on whom his eye falls in a business way, in order to decide just how much of arrogance, insolence, inattention and discomfort of all sorts and descriptions each one will stand from him in a given time.

POET.—A man whose "Ode to Spring" never brings in enough to offset what he has owed to his landlady and washerwoman for many miserable months.

POSTAGE-STAMP.—The tax government makes one pay in advance for a service it has not performed—and may not perform at all, refusing in payment its own money when it happens to be mutilated silver coins, although their intrinsic value may be nearer their face-value than the hybrid trade-dollars.

NAVAL OFFICER.—A man whose enthusiasm for his profession is only surpassed by his con-

tempt for the alleged men-of-war on which he makes a sorry pretense of practising it. (*Mem.*: In the case of our navy, why not "women-of-war"?)

BANK OF DEPOSIT.—Simply a sinking-fund for depositors.

BOB INGERSOLL.—An animated object-lesson to students of —.

EASTER.—A religious celebration which has degenerated into an annual excuse for enriching milliners and affiliated free-booters at the expense of despairing husbands and fathers.

MILLIONAIRE.—An ultra-anti-gentleman (usually).

GENTLEMAN.—An ultra-anti-millionaire (usually).

PATRIOT.—A man who never did and never will hold office.

POLITICIAN.—A man who never was and never will be a patriot.

CITY-EDITOR.—The man who supports blue pencil manufactures, and makes the reporters wish they had never been born.

REPORTER.—The man who makes the life of the city-editor a burden, and supports the newspaper that thinks it is doing him a favor by paying him about one-half what his services would really be worth if there was not such a tremendous crop of would-be reporters in reserve.

AN HONEST MAN.—Extinct in Wall Street; but a few choice specimens still extant in newspaper-offices.

For further particulars see

NOAH COUNT.

MARCH.

Coughs, colds and malaria, too,
Chills and fever and "epizoo."

THE MANAGER of a new skating-rink advertises a "spring floor, adding ease and grace to the movements." He does not mention that a good spring is very often followed by a "hard fall."

A MAN NAMED Rainwater is said to yearn after the mayoralty of St. Louis. As that city is not situated in Kentucky, his name will not seriously handicap him.

VIOLETS AND CLAMS.

"THE MERE wants of nature, even when nature is refined by education, are few and simple," says a philosopher. It will be pretty hard to make a married man believe this when his wife reports from the Committee on Spring Appropriation.

MR. BINKS had been backing his friend Brown for first place in a roller-skating match. Three entries. The day after, some one asked Binks if Brown came in first. "First?" said Binks: "Not much. He came in a dull, sickening third."

CHICAGO CLAIMS the honor of being the greatest pickle market in the world. This would seem to indicate that pickles and divorces go together. They are not altogether unlike, come to think of it.

IF FARMER GLADSTONE cannot chop trees any better than he can run a government, he will do well to stick to the latter occupation, as he would have hard work to earn a living in the Maine woods.

THE SECOND ADVENTISTS have now decided on May 19th as the day for general emigration. We wish they would put it off a few days, as we yearn to nail that lie about the peach-crop being blasted.

A WESTERN DOCTOR has succeeded in teaching several mute women to talk. This only confirms the opinion we have so long entertained as to the superabundance of doctors.

NEW LIFE-PRESERVERS have been ordered for the navy, and it will hereafter be impossible to show any daring simply by going to sea in a man-of-war.

THE ONLY occasion when Dr. Mary Walker wishes she wasn't a man is when her suspender-button comes off.

THE NAME of a Western editor is A. Copperworth. His paper isn't.

GLORY.



"Oh, yes, we're winning victories right along the line—but it's a mighty long line, isn't it?"

—*Figaro*.

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HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF.

SHOULD SKATING-RINKS BE ABOLISHED?

There is a great diversity of opinion abroad in the land in regard to the morality of the skating-rink. Among its strongest opponents are clergymen, theatrical managers, and saloon and pool-room keepers. One preacher goes so far as to assert that "the rink is more deadly than the gambling-hell." But that, of course, depends upon how hard the skater falls. It is seldom that a fall in the rink proves fatal, while it not infrequently happens that the man who loses his money in a gambling-hell blows out his brains, and nothing could be more "deadly" than that.

The advocates of the rink are legion, and many arguments are advanced in its behalf. The knowledge that their sons are reveling in the ups and downs of the new craze would not deprive some parents of ten minutes' sleep, while the fear that their boys are enjoying the fascinations of the gambling-hell would drive sleep from their eyes for hours.

It is not our intention to either denounce or praise the rink. We merely present herewith a few facts, *pro* and *con*, which have been gleaned from the news of the day, and let our readers draw their own inference. The rink is responsible for the annexed paragraphs:

A married woman who was an invalid for years, and was given up by the doctors, became a frequenter of the rink, and in two months gained seventy-five pounds. She is now strong enough to grab her husband by the collar and bump his head against the door-jamb when he opposes her wishes. Her husband says the rink is an institution for evil and should be squelched.

After an acquaintance of six weeks, a poor but respectable young woman married a man to whom she was introduced at a roller-skating rink. Instead of proving to be a worthless adventurer, he turned out to be a man of good sense, worth \$150,000. Her parents think the rink is a greater blessing than the church.

A man took his wife's mother to the rink, because, he said, it was a shame to leave her at home while he and his wife were enjoying themselves. Then he encouraged her to put on the skates, assuring her that there was not a particle of danger. She is now laid up with a broken leg, and her son-in-law, who goes to the rink alone and skates with his young lady friends, says that if preachers were to put themselves in his place, they would not denounce the rink.

One night recently a young lady went to the rink, and on the same evening her more pious sister attended a prayer-meeting. About half-past eight o'clock a cold rain set in and continued all night. A young man with an umbrella escorted the rink-loving sister home. The prayer-meeting girl was obliged to return alone through the rain. She caught a heavy cold, and died two days later of pneumonia. All the young men and their umbrellas were at the rink; hence the new craze was the indirect cause of her death. The rink should go.

The proprietor of a pool-room returned home the other evening with a rueful countenance, and gloomily said:

"Well, wife, we must economize. I can't let you have the twenty-five dollars I promised to give you to purchase a new spring bonnet, and you will have to make your last summer's silk do another season."

"Why, William, what's the matter?" asked his startled wife: "Have you been robbed?"

"No—yes—that is, I have been robbed by this new craze which is jeopardizing the souls of the youth of our land. Since the skating-rink opened my pool-tables are deserted, and I might as well close up. I agree with the preachers that the rink is more deadly than the gambling-hell."

A married woman in Dashville became infatuated with roller-skating; also with a roller-

"THOUGH LOST TO SIGHT, TO MEMORY DEAR."



SECRETARY OF NAVY WHITNEY.—"I've come to take charge of the Navy. Where is it?"
WATCHMAN.—"I'm sorry, sir, but I don't know; I've only been here twelve years."

skating "professor." She eloped with the latter, and her deserted husband mourns because the skating craze did not strike that town four years earlier.

A clergyman preached a powerful sermon against the skating-rink, declaring that it was more harmful than the gambling-den. On the following night the clergyman's son, who had intended to visit the rink, concluded, as a dutiful son should have done, to obey his father, and of the two evils choose the lesser. He therefore went to the gambling-den, and lost eight hundred dollars which his father had recently received from a donation-party.

The daughter of a New Jersey millionaire made arrangements to elope with her father's coachman. A few nights before the time named for the flight she accompanied a friend to a skating-rink, where she was introduced to a professional trick-skater, with whom she eloped on the night she had arranged to light out with the coachman. She was discarded by her parents. Her husband went to a Western city and opened a skating-rink. He is now richer than his father-in-law, and his wife is so haughty and uppish in consequence that she refuses to recognize her parents.

Answers for the Anxious.

N. P.—We don't run a puzzle department. Nor a morgue. And we don't know where else to put your "humorous paragraphs."

CONNECTICUT JIM.—There may be some innocent fun in you somewhere; but we don't believe that anything except roasting over a slow fire would bring it out.

N. R. B.—Your manuscript will be examined when it is reached in its regular order. It is at present laid away in a cool vault and labeled "roller-skating joke No. 497,852."

OYSTERS AND HAIR-OIL.

AN EXCHANGE has an article on the direction of the wind. We haven't read it, but we know all about the direction of the wind; it is always in the direction of your face when there is any dust to be blown. It is always square against your chest when you are running with all your might to catch a train. The only time it blows against the back of your head is when you have on a stiff hat that is about half-a-size too small for you.

A WESTERN PUBLISHER advertises a book called "The Poultry-Raiser" for twenty-five cents. The best poultry-raiser, however, is a light-fingered negro, and the best negro poultry-raiser is a gun. But why does the negro carry the razor in his boot? In order that he may pull—At this stage the humorist dropped dead.

WHEN MACAULAY'S New Zealander visits America, and sits on the ruins of the Washington monument, and asks what that new building was that he noticed in New York, the native will answer: "That is the pedestal of the Bartholdi monument."

A PENNSYLVANIA MURDERER who was recently hanged was so light in weight that it was feared his fall could not prove fatal. He was accordingly fed a piece of bride's-cake just before he ascended the gallows. His neck was instantly broken.

IN BERMUDA the weather does not change for a week at a time, and the Philadelphia *Call* wants to know what they talk about there. Where the weather does not change oftener than once a week, what is the use in talking at all?

ARTICLE SIGNING.

A young writer sends us a long letter in which he wants to know whether he should sign his articles or not. If he had sent on some samples of his work, we could tell him in a moment; but as he hasn't, we feel a little bit chary about hazarding an opinion. It seems that he has been advised by an old journalist not to sign anything he writes, but to be impersonal. Of course, there are certain kinds of matter that should never be signed; but there is a great deal that it is perfectly proper to sign.

There is a class of men who write year in and year out, and always make it a point not to let the public know who they are. The result is that after they have been writing ten years they can get no more money for their work than they did at the start, and at the end of twenty they are written out, and have to fall back to make room for new, fresh men, and let themselves degenerate into starving hacks.

If you keep on signing, your name will become known, and your work will be sought as having a higher market value on account of your reputation. And you will be kept busily employed at good rates. The man with a reputation never becomes a hack, strictly speaking; because when he is written out he can still dispose of any drivel he may write, just as Tennyson does.

And, by-the-way, Tennyson did not believe very strongly in impersonal poetry. And it strikes us that it doesn't take a very strong argument to prove that he was right. Anyhow, he is not a night-editor, boiling down copy with a blue pencil, with a green shade over his eyes, and diving down into an unsavory cellar at midnight to get some coffee and cakes.

When a man doesn't sign a signable article, it is evidence that he doesn't believe in the article, or is in some way ashamed of it. If he is not obliged to sign it, he is not apt to take much pains with it. Some men will not sign because they know their work is bad, and that it would make them ridiculous if they did.

If editors would insist on writers signing, instead of doing all in their power to keep signatures off articles, for fear a man's rates might rise a little, the writers would be compelled to do good work out of self-respect.

The thing for you to do is to carry on your writing on the same principles that another man carries on the business of a patent-medicine. Never fail to advertise yourself, and then you will be pretty sure to succeed. Suppose, for instance, Barnum had always believed in impersonal circuses, would he be the greatest showman on earth? Suppose Epps believed in impersonal cocoa, and didn't advertise extensively, would he be able to eat pie at every meal?

When you go into a drug-store to purchase a bottle of ginger, you ask for Brown's Jamaica Ginger. Now, why do you ask for Brown's? Why? Because you are sure it is the best. Why are you sure it is the best? Because you have seen it advertised, and heard every one say it is the best. This is all because Brown doesn't believe in impersonal ginger.

According to the impersonal theory, you would go into a drug-store and request a bottle of the ginger that had never been heard of.

And if you inquired for a bottle of chow-chow, and the grocer should say: "Here is Crosse & Blackwell's; this is the best," you would reply that you believed in impersonal pickles, and wanted a bottle that had no label on it.

It would be the same in the purchase of wine: a labelless bottle would be taken in preference to an honest quart of St. Julien. The tailor with a great reputation would starve to death, while the unknown impersonal tailor who wouldn't put his name under the collar of your coat, and would only make you a coat on your

taking a solemn vow of secrecy, would be a bondholder.

Suppose General Grant had carried on his successful campaign impersonally, and that no one but himself and Lincoln had known he was doing it, would he have been elected President twice, and be writing war-articles for the *Century* at one thousand dollars per article? And suppose he believed in impersonal writing, would he get a thousand dollars for a few pages?

Suppose John L. Sullivan were an advocate of impersonal pugilism, and fought all his battles on the same plan that the average journalist writes his articles, would he be able to make five thousand dollars in a few minutes?

Suppose Talmage believed in impersonal gymnastics!

But this is becoming too long. We think we have presented arguments enough to prove the soundness of our theory that, after all, writing is only a business, and should be conducted on business principles. The best writers, as well as those who have made the most money, were not impersonal.

If the journalist doesn't believe in advertising himself with a view to bettering his condition, he has no business to say that advertising is the life of trade, but should be sufficiently conscientious to request his patrons to take their advertisements out of his paper. R. K. M.

SOME PHILOSOPHIC poet says that one bright mellow day does not make a spring. No, but a mellow kangaroo does. Did you ever see the Saratoga springs of a kangaroo in alcohol? You didn't? All right, then we'll go back to the spring. One bright day may not make a spring; but it makes a man examine his bathing-suit, and tennis-racket, and bicycle, and other things that he uses during the heated season. If one bright day had the same salubrious effect on the garden that it has on a man, the flowers would be in bloom before the buds appeared, and the Durham bull would be coyly flitting through the syringa-bush, warbling love-songs, and feeling as happy as a king after the ace has been played.

PUCK ne'er returns rejected articles,
But tears them in a thousand particles.

THE BOY ON THE CARS.

The New York express was just leaving Poughkeepsie, and the passengers were slowly returning to their seats. A few men filled the smoking-room of the "sleeper," and several others, with lighted cigars between their teeth, lingered around the rear end of the car, and added to the blue smoke that was momentarily getting bluer and thicker. In the middle of the coach, half hidden by a high and tapering pyramid of parcels, sat a small, slender man with an intellectual cast of features and a bald head, which was fringed with scarlet hair and looked very much as a halo might look by daylight. His mild blue eyes were encircled by pinkish rings of hair, which gave him somewhat the appearance of an albino, and added considerably to his not by any means common aspect.

On the opposite seat, curled up like a periwinkle, sat a small boy with bright dancing eyes and a lively and irrepressible air. When the train had puffed and rattled its way a few miles out of the town, it suddenly came to a stop with a jar that brought every man to his feet. Then followed a death-like stillness. It was so quiet that the porter could be heard figuring up his profits in the back seat. After a short pause, the silence was broken by the shrill tones of the boy.

"What is this for?" he queried of the bald man.

"I don't know," replied that person.

"Why don't you know?"

The man made no reply, but looked out of the window, while the passengers turned around and gazed at the pair. Then followed another short pause.

"Say," continued the boy, with a little laugh: "ain't you the man that snored last night?"

The man reddened to such an extent that his hair seemed to have thickened and spread all over his head.

"I thought it was a cow," continued the youth: "but my pa said it wasn't a cow, but a hog, and he said you ought to ride on a cattle-car. Say, did you ever ride on a cattle-car?"

The man made no response, but it was noticed that his hair had seemingly spread all over his face, and threatened his features with instantaneous combustion. The passengers

IMPORTANT INFORMATION.



GERMAN EMIGRANT.—"Vot ish dot, eine dynamite explosion?"

IRISH CITIZEN.—"No, bedad, it's not a dynamite explosion. Sure it's the signal for the sun to go down, d'y'e moind."

smiled, and one old fool of a traveler laughed out loud. Thus encouraged, the boy went on.

"Say, what are those hills?"

Glad to change the subject, the man quickly replied:

"The Catskills."

"Catskills? Where are the cats?"

"There ain't any," returned the victim.

"What do they call 'em Catskills for? Because the cats are all killed?"

The man guessed that was the reason.

"Are they volcanos?"

"No."

"Why ain't they?"

"No fire in them."

"Do all volcanos have fire in them?"

"Yes."

"Do they have porters to take care of the fires?"

"No."

"Do people live in them?"

"No."

"Why don't they?"

"Don't know."

"What do you know?"

"I know you are a very inquisitive little boy."

"You stole that from my ma. Say, did your wife pull out all your hair because you snore?"

Here the victim appeared to be threatened with a stroke of apoplexy, and was only saved from an utter collapse by the starting of the train, which for the moment distracted the attention of the other passengers and partially drowned the voice of his inquisitor.

"Say," continued the youth: "why don't you answer me?"

At this moment the appearance of the train-boy suggested a happy relief, and the victim hastily purchased three boxes of his choicest confectionery in the hope that some of it might choke the boy to death. But he wasted his money. After eating the candy greedily and in silence, the lad continued:

"What a funny color your eyes are. Been crying?"

The victim smiled a ghastly smile, and made an unsuccessful attempt to look out of the window and appear unconcerned.

"Don't you ever cry?"

"Hardly ever."

"You do when your wife whips you, don't you?"

Here the presence of the conductor saved him from an attack of vertigo.

"Better take care of your money if you have any," shouted the boy.

"Why?" asked the victim.

"There is the conductor. Pa said he would pick a man's pocket if he had a chance."

The conductor scowled and passed on.

"What makes him look like that? He isn't any prettier than you are, is he?"

The victim made no response, but looked for a moment as Cain might have looked when he killed Abel.

The boy, however, was totally unabashed.

"Say," he continued: "were you bald-headed when you were a little boy?"

No response save a gurgle in the throat, which indicated a wrath too holy for utterance.

"When you were a little boy, did the other little boys call you 'red-head,' and try and warm their hands on your hair?"

Here the miserable victim, under the flimsy pretext of showing the boy a picture, whispered something in his ear.

"No, sir," shouted the lad: "Five cents ain't enough. I want ten."

This apparently put an end to the negotiations, and the man leaned back in his seat and looked as if he would welcome an accident.

"What do you want me to go to sleep for? To see if I can snore like you? Maybe I will when I get old and bald-headed. Pa said if I

THE OLD LADY WAS STILL THERE.



ANNIE.—"Don't you think, Doctor, that I look a good deal like mama?"

ANNIE'S MOTHER.—"Why, you giddy girl!"

—*Fliegende Blätter.*

ever did he would cut my throat. Did your pa ever cut your throat?"

No response.

"Do all red-headed men snore?"

No response save a glare which resembled a split in a red sunset.

"You won't snore much longer. Because you haven't got much hair left. Will you?"

There is no telling what the victim would have done at this juncture, for there was murder in his eye. A tragedy was happily avoided, though, by the appearance of the train-boy. The man purchased a copy of the London *Punch*, and in a few minutes his tormentor was fast asleep.

The man gave a long sigh of relief, and began packing up his traps preparatory to leaving the car. At this moment a tall, well-dressed man, with a strong odor of tobacco-smoke clinging to his clothes, came into the car and took a seat beside the boy.

"Men oughtn't to travel with boys on the cars," observed the red-headed man, with a snarl.

"Ah," replied the stranger.

"They are infernal nuisances. Look at that miserable, impudent imp beside you. There ought to be a law against such boys living. They should all be born dumb. If I had a boy like that I'd muzzle him and tie him up in the back yard. I'd train him up for a politician, and send him to Congress. I'd hire him out to a lot of college-boys for a foot-ball."

"Sir," interrupted the stranger.

"Yes, sir," continued the small man, vehemently: "I'd kill him every day of his lifetime if he was mine. You ought to ride with him for two hours as I have done."

"I have, sir," replied the stranger, with dignity: "a great many times. I am his father."

"Well," said the little man, as he loaded himself up with bundles and started for the door: "you have my sympathy."

And he probably needed it.

BENJAMIN NORTHRUP.

LITTLE girl on a visit to St. Louis:

"Oh, mama, I think this must be heaven."

"Do you, pet? Why?"

"Don't you see, mama, all the ladies and gentlemen in the room have wings; but they are on the sides of their heads instead of on their backs."

"Hush, darling, those are not wings."—*Boston Post.*

"THERE," said a Washington hotel-man, as he read of the railway accident and the burning of the mails near that city last Friday: "that accident cost me hundreds of dollars."

"Got stock in the road, I presume."

"No; but every Congressman who is out of the city will swear he sent me the amount of his board-bill by that mail."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

LORD WOLSELEY has invested the Mudir of Dongola with the Order of St. Michael and St. George. This is the first victory won by Wolseley since the war began. By-the-way, General, "does your Mudir know your route?"—*Norristown Herald.*

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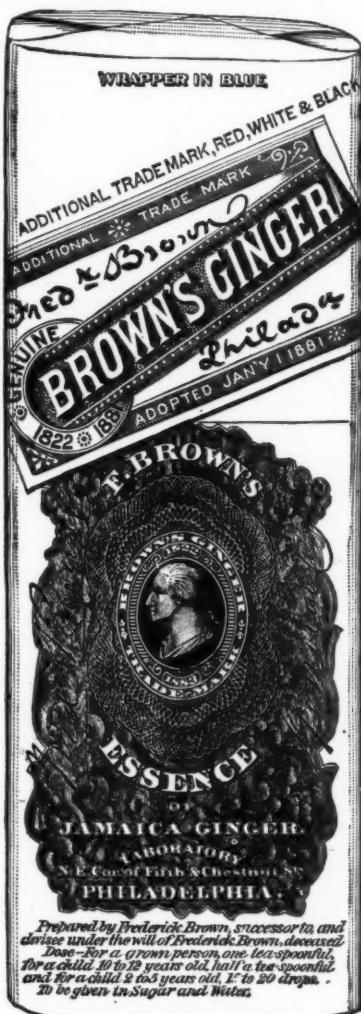
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SPREADING THE BROOKLYN "EAGLE."

"MY LADY POCOHONTAS" is the quaint title of the new novel which Mr. John Esten Cooke has written. This is much better than calling it "John Smith"; and yet, if it had not been for John, the fair Pocahontas would never have been used for a tobacco-sign.

ONLY looking over the manuscript, I find there is a great deal about hogs in the scientific column this week. I can only account for this on the ground that I have been traveling nearly all the week in company with two or three English noblemen, who own 990,000 acres of grazing land and a whole eternity of wire fence in Colorado.

"SIR," said Lady Clare: "oh, most noble sir, I am in deep despair. My father owes fifteen million dollars rent; his heartless landlord threatens to throw him into prison—can you not relieve our distress?"

"At once!" cried Sir Marmaduke, who once kept a drug-store himself: "Here, take this bottle of Merry Jarvis Ague Killer; it will afford instant relief."

Now may the Gods be good to us, and slay for us just one man ere sets to-morrow's low declining sun on yonder hill. The man to whom we refer publishes a paper, and has already begun to discuss the selection of the town in which to hold the convention of '88. Off with his head! Far better that we should discuss the pyramids, the battle of Armageddon and the "identity" question, rather than the convention of '88.

Anyhow, all next Summer Chester A. Arthur's time will be his own, and while President Cleveland is broiling and stewing away in the malarial atmosphere of the Potomac marshes, the ex-President can go down into the Maine Lake country, and pitch his cool tent on the banks of Nanequapunkapopoppoquashanticut and catch tomcods, scuppaugs, tantogues, quahogs, scallops, mummichogs, squirts, puots, sneatangues, millets, cochogsets, scup, grunters, menhaden, pumpkin-fish, eels and some "trouts." And by the time he has learned the names of all the fish he has caught, the Summer and the cholera will be over.—Robert J. Burdette.

DR. MARY WALKER, it is rumored, is awfully mad at a Washington photographer because he wanted her to hold a scythe and an hour-glass and pose as Father Time.—*St. Paul Globe*.

If you have moved recently, you will know that the easier a chair is the harder it is to carry up four flights of stairs.—*Drake's Travelers' Magazine*.

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"YES," said Mr. Dinks, a self-important little man, who had just married a very big woman: "I think every household should have a set of rules."

"Oh, yes, of course," assented Mrs. D., with a queer look in her eye.

"Well, then," continued Mr. D., not noticing the glance: "I will at once prepare a set which will be observed hereafter."

"Oh, don't trouble yourself," replied his spouse, stiffening her upper lip: "rules for the government of this house already exist."

"Indeed? What are they?"

"The Marquis of Queensberry rules."

Mr. D. changed the subject.—*Philadelphia Call.*

A LITTLE boy in Saratoga, not long ago, came running in from outdoors, crying because he had been stung by a bee.

"Mama," he sobbed: "I'd just as lieves the bees'd walk on me; but I don't like to have 'em sit down."—*New Orleans Picayune.*

"I RETURN the inclosed manuscript," wrote the editor of a religious weekly: "simply because I am so full at present." The contributor replied that when the editor's spree was over he would be glad to submit the manuscript again.—*Burlington Free Press.*

A KENTUCKY man is said to have been cured of stammering by the kick of a mule. If there is any one thing that will make a man talk violently, quickly and vehemently, it is the kick of a good healthy mule.—*Boston Post.*

OLIVER DOUD BYRON's new play, "Rags and Bones," has proved a failure in San Francisco. When the company returns home afoot, it will illustrate in appearance the title of the play.—*Norristown Herald.*

THE town of Newington, N. H., has no liquor-saloons, no debt, no lawyers, and only one church. This shows how nicely a town can get along that limits itself to one church.—*Drake's Magazine.*

"SUPPOSE," says an exchange: "all the world went to bed every evening at sunset." Oh, well, the world's gas-bill would be just as big at the end of the quarter.—*Norristown Herald.*

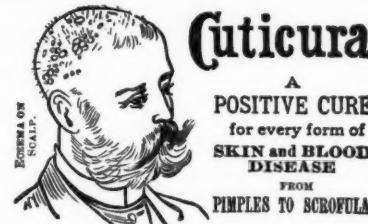
A DAKOTA paper charges twenty-five cents for a marriage-notice and fifty cents for a death. Marriage would, therefore, seem to be less desirable than death in Dakota.—*Boston Post.*

As there will be no extra session of Congress, we will have to worry along without a good part of that enthralling serial story, the *Congressional Record*.—*Boston Post.*

A NEW HAMPSHIRE woman claims that she has not broken a plate or a cup for thirty years. Her husband must be remarkably well-behaved.—*Burlington Free Press.*

"WELL," said an Irish attorney: "if it pleases the Court, if I am wrong in this I have another point that is equally conclusive."—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

A WELL in Bay City, Mich., is said to be 2,620 feet deep. N. B.—Cut this out and show it to your milkman.—*Boston Post.*



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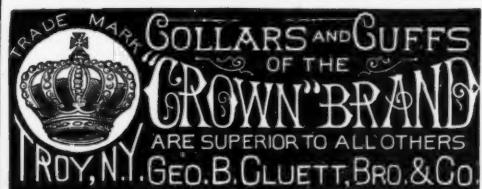
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Our cases will have the same marks and numbers as heretofore.

Yours most faithfully,

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Referring to the above letter from Messrs. Vve. Pommery & Fils, I beg to add that after April 1st, 1885, no leaky or broken bottles will be exchanged by me unless they bear the *White Band*, "POMMERY & GRENO."

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wood.

With the raccoon's fragrant blossom,
And the bud of the opossum,
I will deck my lonely bower in the grove;
And as my evening pipe I smoke,
I'll listen to the artichoke
A-warbling to his mate his tale of love.

—Unknown Ex.

THE baneful influence of the modern cooking-academy will penetrate the interior of our best households, in spite of all endeavors to return to the good old-fashioned cooking of our mothers.

"That looks very nice, indeed," remarked Mr. Fitzjoy to his better-half, as he uncovered the breakfast dish: "What is it?"

"That is the new cook's specialty. Tripe smothered in crumbs of bread."

"Well, I should say so," as he made an unsuccessful attempt to cut it: "It's mighty tough."

"I don't see. The cook had a diploma. She ought to be a good one."

"Oh, that accounts for it. She's fried the diploma." —*Hartford Post*.

A GEORGIA paper says there is living in Hamilton, in that State, a gentleman of robust constitution to whose system egg is poison. "Even the presence of an egg nauseates him." It is presumed the gentleman in question once essayed to play *Hamlet*, and the eggs used on that occasion were over-ripe before they were pulled. —*Norristown Herald*.

AN exchange says that girls who wish to have small, prettily-shaped mouths should repeat at frequent intervals during the day: "Fanny Finch fried five floundering fish for Francis Fowler's father." This looks too much like an attempt to propitiate a prospective father-in-law for most girls to repeat more than once. —*Burlington Free Press*.

"I HAVE neither time nor inclination to pass paregorics on the deceased," remarked a Southern funeral orator.

"Panegyrics," corrected a person present.

"As you please, sir," remarked the orator, stiffly: "The words are anonymous." —*Boston Journal*.

A DOCTOR in Warren, N. H., makes his rounds on snow-shoes. One day he got caught in a hedge, and five of his patients recovered before he was discovered and extricated. —*Burlington Free Press*.

The sign over the store read as follows: "Books, Stationery, Drugs & Medicines." He went in and asked for a copy of "Croup in Children" and the clerk handed him a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

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